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condemnation of the policy of narrow nationalism.

Rarely in the history of the world, it is safe to affirm, have practical state papers put forth at a critical moment in national affairs been written on the high moral level of Lloyd George's recent definition of the aims of Great Britain, or the Golden Rule as a principle of statecraft and international policy been so clearly and unequivocally set forth as in the address which President Wilson delivered to Congress Tuesday, January 8.

It is an hour in which to lift up our heads with pride in our country and hope for the world. If from this awful struggle it shall result that the nations of the world, or even a large and influential group of them, shall come to

recognize that there cannot be one morality for the family and another for the family of nations, not only that nations must render justice to one another, but that only as they cherish in their hearts a spirit of kindness and desire for one another's welfare and embody it in their conduct, can they themselves really prosper—if out of this war should come the writing of the Golden Rule into the law of nations as its fundamental principle, then indeed would it have been worth all that it has cost and more.

It is for this that we as a nation ought now to stand, prepared for any cost and any sacrifice, that it may be achieved. The Golden Rule is workable between nations. It will yet become the recognized law of nations.

THE CRUCIFIX: A WAR MEDITATION

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Orderly Chapin came out from the improvised ward in the half-ruined church almost unseeing. He half groped his way to the tiny vestry which he shared with Allen and McLoughlin. He fumbled with the door. His arm, pierced by a shrapnel bullet (which accounted for his transfer from the ranks to the hospital), did not yet work with the old automatism. The chief trouble, however, was with the mental scenes flitting between eye and thought—Allen's beaded brow under the agony of the last convulsions and the fellow's

broken whispers of Alice. Chapin knew Alice, Alice from the prairie town doing a man's work back home in the metropolis. When would the stabbing telegram reach her? He recalled the sensitive, eager face turned to them from the platform the day they took the train for the north. And now a shell under Allen's ambulance had wrecked both the driver and that fine life beyond the sea. How inhumanly cruel!

The orderly dropped heavily upon his cot, steadying himself with his hands. The long strain of body and mind at his

tasks, followed by the sleepless hours by Allen's tormented form, was telling upon him. Slowly he laid himself down and closed his eyes, but only to sit up again quickly. The kinetoscope of the brain was at its infernal worst when lying down with closed eyes. Dully his gaze wandered over the bare, whitewashed wall opposite, to be arrested idly by McLoughlin's crucifix. The thing meant little to him—a symbol of a mediaeval faith now outgrown by mature thought. How could people cling to fictitious emblems when the world throbbed with live issues, and real causes fought together furiously? (Chapin, before the war challenge drew him over the border to the American Legion in Canada, had been an advanced student in history—an occupation which now seemed to him mere rummaging through musty litter.)

For "Mac," however, the cross and its carved image had meaning. Chapin had seen the Irishman's rough-hewn face soften as he knelt before it, and he did not doubt that the big fellow was kinder and cleaner because of its influence. Strange, when with all his religious ancestry, it meant nothing of moment to himself. On the human side it was indeed a pathetic and moving figure. An idealist cruelly done to death before the eyes of his friends and the rabble—to the one group an unspeakable grief, to the other a free butt for derisive mirth. As Chapin stared at the symbol and recalled the original scene, the crucified figure seemed to grow alive and the face to glow with pain and far-seeing intelligence. Ah, to be sure, this in quite unusual measure was a *voluntary* death. He had seen other idealists cruelly slain,

but no doubt there was something eminent in this case—a clear-visioned purpose running deep into the heart of the tragedy, and withal a wonderful personality. Perhaps, after all, it was not strange that mankind could not forget this death.

A clear-visioned purpose; what was that purpose? Why did Jesus Christ, usually so sane, go to his death when it was plain he might have escaped? Chapin thought of the theological answers to this question, to supply which heaven and hell had been ransacked, and shook his head impatiently. All childish metaphysics—the philosophical equivalents of the accounts of Homer and Hesiod. To propitiate the Deity, forsooth! to avert the wrath of God by serving as the sacrificial lamb, so taking "away the sin of the world" and earning the right to be man's "advocate with the Father." "Fine!" he muttered, "if your God is a Hun." And then he listened rather than looked. An ambulance had charged up to the front of the church, and his imagination filled in the poignant details of its unloading, shifting presently to the well-known scenes at the front, as the continuous thunderous roar suggested them. The distributors of agony and death were busy as usual, and full many a bundle of crimsoned cloth would that night be laid away in mother earth, so helping to fill in the gaps in that vast graveyard of the untimely dead stretching from the North Sea almost to the Alps. Fine business for the stars to gaze upon! After all, might not God be a Hun? That, of course, was the view of the Kaiser and the Sultan—ay, and of a multitude of others through the ages.

Why was Attila called the "scourge of God" and the black death counted a divine visitation? Probably a world plebiscite today would, in civilized as well as in barbarian lands, support overwhelmingly the view that God is a tribal divinity, partial to his chosen, but easily flaming into wrath toward others. For a moment the chill of agnostic pessimism sank deep into the man's soul.

Then the obsession passed. Truth was not determined by votes, nor by the haughty assertions of potentates; and just as cyclone and volcanic eruption are not representative of the earth's behavior so the inferno of war is not the usual lot of man.

His gaze returned to the crucifix, and he recalled how the church had soon found the pagan-Jewish explanation impossible, the Johannine writer assuring believers that it was because "God so *loved* the world that he gave his only begotten Son." Then Chapin's mind found a certain relief—but for his grief he could have smiled—as he thought of the theory which followed—Zoroastrian dualism, brought back from the East by the returning Jewish "remnant," enthroning itself in Christian thought, and for a thousand years teaching the church that, man having been taken captive in the cosmic conflict between Jehovah and Satan, God could rescue him from the world-power of evil only by laying down his beloved son's life as a ransom. So Christ died, died to discharge the devil's claim, to lift hell's mortgage from the race. The orderly shook his head, as impatience slowly succeeded his first gleam of humor. Oh, pitiful race of men! what hope was there of a reign of

reason when thirty generations could satisfy themselves with such a fantastic explanation of a historical event?

And was the next answer in the series less artificial—God as feudal overlord of the universe finding himself obliged by the exigencies of his government—the need of "saving his face" in the presence of sentient beings—to punish man for the damage to his prestige, the impairment of his authority, caused by man's disobedience, but graciously executing a legal fiction through which Jesus Christ became man's substitute—his whipping boy—and was duly slain to satisfy the law's demands? Chapin's thought went back to the ingeniously reasoned sermons heard in his boyhood in which it was argued that God could not forgive sin unless someone, sinner or substitute, first suffered its penalty—back, also, to certain rapt faces of worshipers who evidently found satisfaction—an orgiastic satisfaction as it now seemed to him—a relief from the sense of sin, in singing of a fountain filled with blood drawn from the substitute's veins. Were these things, then, what the crucifix meant—a manlike heavenly monarch reduced to rescuing his children (either from the devil or from the demands of his own dignity) by the bloody sacrifice of an innocent substitute most dear to him? No doubt it was natural for the devout Anselm, saturated with feudal ideas and traditional theology, to think in these terms; but it was passing strange that today, in this eminently tragic world, with manifest issues of human life and destiny crossing men's paths perpetually, and even confronting them with imperative challenge—it was passing strange that they should find the

real significance and hope of mankind in an imaginary situation.

But again the orderly paused, while the figure on the cross seemed to view him with reproach. Were the situations altogether imaginary? The words of a friend and former comrade suddenly recurred to him. Poor Porter! the shy, fair-haired Canadian—given to brooding, but capable, and true to his last ounce of strength. He had been brought in a week before hard hit, his short life-drama evidently near the final curtain. How beautifully he had smiled toward the last when he begged his friend not to take his death so woefully. “No,” he had said haltingly, “don’t call it a ‘wicked waste.’ I don’t feel that way. It’s all part of the price, don’t you see? the price of human progress and character—yes, of human happiness, too. Human nature’s a tough proposition, old man. It’s never learned very much or got very far except at the cost of suffering—somebody’s suffering. Don’t you think a better world is coming out of this bloody orgy? I do. I can almost see it. There’ll be world-wide law—yes, and world-wide understanding and sympathy. And if my life is part of the price, well”—again a fine smile flitted over his face—“Bob, I’m not in bad company, you know. There’s old Latimer and Savonarola and Huss, and so on. Yes, I know, those were big fellows, but there were a lot of common men, too. And, perhaps—well, I wonder—perhaps some of us, according to our lights, are doing what Saint Paul said, filling up in our flesh ‘that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ.’ Don’t—don’t you think”—and there the weak, halting voice trailed off and

failed; and after the swoon that closed in it could not go on again collectedly. Yes, no doubt it was true that “earth gets its price for what earth gives us,” and the greater the gift the higher the price. The crucifix seemed to be almost alive as Chapin’s thought, following his gaze, went beyond it to the original tragedy, and recalled the clear prevision of the victim’s words, “Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.”

But why, oh, why? What a cruel order of things, in which life must be purchased at the cost of other life, progress won by the vicarious suffering, the unmerited anguish, of victims! Porter had thought it was because of the rudeness, or refractory character, of human nature, which indeed Plato had thought in part long before. Not a Zoroastrian Satan, then, a cosmic personal power of evil, but the dead weight of brute incomprehension and unresponsiveness and the wayward drive or drift of animal appetite and interest—that is, man’s brute inheritance—that was the hostile power from which men must be ransomed. And “ransomed” appeared to be the word—their rescue and well-being paid for at the cost of others, their higher potencies evoked and enthroned through the sweat and the tears, the moans and the blood, of their more high-minded fellows. For the moment the American’s idealism revolted from the whole principle. It was an irrational, brutish world. No wonder Epicurus thought it blasphemous to father it upon the gods.

Yet it did give a certain justification to the atonement theories. Even An-

selm's feudal interpretation, with its spiritual lists and heavenly champion espousing man's cause, was not without truth. The laws of the universe, of course, did not need artificial vindication—nature looks out for that—yet human recognition and appreciation of them do need furthering perpetually. Yes, it seemed true enough that only as superior men suffer and die for great truths and higher values do these become actual—more than dim and doubtful abstractions—to the great multitude of those who are dull of mind and heart, those whom Jesus well called the sheep. And this, no doubt, was the secret of the unceasing vicariousness of all advancing civilizations, and of the bloody toll of the present world-conflict, a conflict which then resolved itself into a vast vivid stage, with Allen, Porter, and numberless other fine fellows, "of whom the world was not worthy," playing the hero parts, and with their own blood teaching slackers, the men who care only for creature or private interests, to appreciate country and liberty, civilization and humanity. Oh, but that was dreadful; the sphinx still destroying its own children, and the fairest ones the most swiftly.

An early Christian writer, after noting the vicariousness underlying human progress, as illustrated in the hero roll of Israel, had exhorted his fellow-believers to "run with patience the race set before" them, "looking unto Jesus the author and finisher" of their faith. But why should one be inspired by the example, and especially by the cross, of Christ? Was it then so encouraging to remember that in the past men who had stood for the higher values of life had

perished miserably at the hands of brutish politicians amidst the derisive clamor of the populace? The logical appeal of the cross was to pity, not to imitation. That uplifted dying figure was a warning rather than an inspiration; it was nature's bloody finger-post marking an impassable road.

Yet some men were inspired by it. The religious pacifists revered it because, as they held, Jesus, in going to a voluntary death, exemplified supremely the beauty of non-resistance, showing how much finer it is to suffer death than to avoid it at the cost of the blood or death of another, thereby condemning war absolutely. This, of course, was the good-example doctrine carried to the utmost. Chapin's first impulse was to scorn it as a Sunday-school philosophy, and to declare that those believers must have a poor opinion of their Lord who thought he was posing before mankind—playing to the galleries, as it were, and dying for dramatic (and hortatory) effect. The man's mood, however, was too sad for scorn of any honest plea. His bitter private griefs of the past few days had for the time quelled the soldier spirit in him, and for once he considered the question of pacifism seriously, staring at the crucifix with a new inquiry. Was it finer, that alleged sheeplike course? The second Isaiah in Babylon had certainly held up to honor a non-resistant figure, one who was "brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb," so he opened not his mouth. That figure, of course, was the "remnant" of Israel, and not the Messiah; and as such it was indeed entitled to a certain admiration. Through the centuries the ethical insights

gained by the Jews in their long tragic experience had certainly worked repeatedly for human uplift and peace. But the prophet did not intimate that the non-resistance was a *chosen* rôle, or that its purpose was to set an example of its kind. And when had Israel's message to the world actually been furthered by its political helplessness? No case occurred to him. Whenever effective witness for ethical truth had been made, it was because of an active, and not a merely passive, attitude of soul—a fearless spiritual proclamation or revolt. Indeed, in this chastened hour Chapin still could not believe that the human wolf had ever been changed in temper by the mere non-resistance of the sheep. Defenselessness joined with beauty might appeal, but to the Hun—ancient or modern, European, Asiatic, or North American—to brutish fighters and bullies in general, non-resistants *as such* were always mere “squaw men”—altogether contemptible.

A violent explosion broke in upon his thought. For an instant the walls of the old church quivered with its force. The orderly listened intently. That must have been an eight-inch shell. Why was such expensive ammunition dropping thereabout? Had “Fritz” spotted the hospital, and was he expressing his opinions on non-resistance? The explosion was not repeated, however, and the man's mind returned to its bitter musings. If one rejected vicarious atonement, what was the alternative? Not a fine-spun theory that everything, when truly viewed, was good in this “best of all possible worlds.” The experience of two years on the French battlefield swore at such a creed. Was

human life, then, but a meaningless and futile turmoil of contending appetites and ambitions, and were wisdom and achievement, as the caustic Epicurean of the Old Testament had intimated, vain ends of endeavor, since “there is one event to the righteous and to the wicked,” and “no profit under the sun”? Were the Boches right in maintaining that the only thing that counted was force, and even that only so long as it could keep itself superior to its rivals,

And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and
flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night?

Chapin's thought ran gloomily over the human cyclones which had developed in northern forests, Arabian deserts, and on Turanian steppes to burst desolatingly upon the civilized world. Nor were the outskirts of the earth the sole sources of brute outbreak; civilization was quite capable of hatching its own agencies of destruction, witness Frederick the Great, the French Revolution with its Corsican Frankenstein, the slave oligarchy in America, and now barbarian *Kultur*. As for the future, why “the thing which hath been it is that which shall be.” What a hopeless muddle it all was, with neither “certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain”—a brutal, blundering world.

His gaze rested upon the crucifix again. So men found strength to endure “the whips and scorns of time” in that symbol. Why, in the name of the prophet? If only Christ's death had won anything for humanity—anything practical, that is, beyond the relief of psychopaths from emotional and largely imaginary troubles. But no; he must

be fair. It could not be denied that the cross had given to a fine personality a leading rôle in the age-long human drama. Historical criticism only brought this fact into stronger relief, for the more skeptical one became of the wonder stories of the New Testament the more he was obliged to stress the personality of Jesus to account for the historical results of his brief career. And that personality stood distinctly, yes insistently, for a great ethical ideal—for humanity as distinguished from mere gregariousness, for kindly interest in fellow-man and in the common good and goal, for the friendly as opposed to the suspicious and hostile life. Jesus was the last and greatest of the Jewish prophets, proclaiming with them, but more fully and clearly, the need and coming of a higher social order—"the kingdom of heaven"; an order that should be blessed because it was truly just, and because it was informed with an active interest, which he called love, in other than private goods. For the *individual* his gospel meant advancement—distinction, perhaps—by means of service, not exploitation, and growth into the likeness of God, and so, as he conceived it, into a higher and more blessed kind of life. For *society* it meant a co-operative order, in which mutual service and kindly feeling should replace overreaching and distrust, and all the hateful methods of force which have come down to us from barbarian days.

What a program for this turbulent, irrational world—beautiful as a rainbow, and as remote! No wonder his followers were frequently bewildered by it, and afterward most ecclesiastics quite obfuscated. What a pitiful dreamer! with all

his keen insight into life and generally sane judgment of human situations, to suppose—and that in the very days of Tiberius and Sejanus!—that any kind of love whatever could displace greed and the lust of dominion in the human animal. At a sudden increase in the distant artillery roar the thinker smiled grimly, and muttered, "Macht-politik raises its voice in derision."

Chapin frowned at the crucifix. Surely an impossible dream, oh, impossible. And yet a true man had chosen to die for it. And in itself it was reasonable enough. Indeed, it was the very plan of life that the stumbling, troubled world needed for its well-being. As a matter of fact all real social progress was in its direction. Mutual service was the ethical message of modern industrialism as truly as of the first century's enthusiast for humanity. If men would only perceive it or believe it! Ah, if they only would! But who was to teach them? Well, the Nazarene had tried to. He had stood fast most faithfully for his ideal, not only in its behalf refusing the proffered crown and the eager plaudits of the multitudes, but at the very beginning in the mountain-top temptation putting behind him the offer of worldwide distinction and power through the devil's means of domination—a test before which Germany so woefully fell when after 1870 she did obeisance to Satan until her forehead touched the dust. Yes, the Christ had certainly tried, in life as well as in word, to bring men to faith in his ideal; and if he had not succeeded, at least his personality was still a power in the world. Might it not be—yes, it was certainly conceivable that it was yet to carry the day for

rational living, and enthrone love in place of greed or hate. If so, then the campaign for world salvation was still on, and the day might yet be won for reason and human happiness, if only enough men of good-will could be found to believe in that happy outcome. And perhaps all that was needed to produce enough of such men was that every present believer should witness to his belief, be the cost what it might.

Chapin gazed at the crucifix with a new comprehension, for he saw at once that this was the answer to his query as to why Christ died. Jesus believed in his message, his program of life, so completely; he was so sure that it was the only cure for mankind's perennial woes that he preferred to die rather than turn his back upon it; so completely that he fearlessly seized a great opportunity to witness to it, though he saw clearly enough that his life might be forfeit. A new and growing respect showed itself in the orderly's face. The scenes of the ancient tragedy stood forth afresh in his mind—the foreign-born pilgrim throngs in the streets of the Holy City, their recurrent inquiry, "Will the Nazarene come to the Feast?" with the most common reply of the citizens, "Nay, he dare not, for the rulers will kill him"; the new throng pressing through the eastern gate actually headed by the man of Nazareth, seated upon an ass in evident reference to messianic prophecy, while his followers sang, "Hosanna in the Highest"—a distinct challenge to Jewish expectation and belief. Then the few fearless days in the temple when the claimant of divine commission spoke persuasively to eager listeners, speaking, however, not the expected revolutionary

appeal, but those ethical truths of the kingdom which for him were the necessary foundation of successful human life and society, though for them, alas, they were the mere embroidery of life, hardly more than counsels of perfection. Then, as so often in man's futile career on earth, those who most needed to learn had not ears to hear. Moreover, these dull hearers, growing as they listened more and more estranged, were all that stood between the prophet and the fell purpose of the challenged powers of domination; and he knew it. Yet he neither quailed nor fled. And from mankind's viewpoint he did well, for to do either was to disparage his message, and to show that after all he valued his life more than its dominance in the world—to fall from the grade of a prophet to that of a scribe, from the high stage of a deliverer to the moderate one of a philosopher. Viewed, however, from the standpoint of self, his course was most perilous, indeed, pregnant with tragedy. And how coolly he pursued it, with what a fine courage! "A sheep before her shearers"? Nonsense; this was a soldierly man, a champion of humanity, "the captain of our salvation" indeed, the leader of the kindgom's forlorn hope. Nay, he was that forlorn hope himself, for of his disciples none understood his course or approved it. He stood alone on that exposed salient of humanity's battle-line, alone until at length the barrage of greed and blind self-will cut him down. And to his last breath he stood by his cause. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." He insisted upon maintaining the friendly attitude even toward the men who destroyed him!

Suddenly a chill came over Chapin's mounting enthusiasm. Could he himself say that of the "Huns"? And if not, was he not like the dull-eared Pass-over throngs, swayed more by blind impulse and animal reaction than by desire for human welfare; or like the numberless lip-believers who in generation after generation have cried, "Lord, Lord," but refused to do what their Lord commanded, refused, indeed, even to believe in it? In fact, did he differ much from that large portion of the political socialists who adopt a part of Jesus' program but use it as a cloak for class ambitions, ambitions as selfish as those of a barbarian tribe? Was he, too, with what he thought were his deep social interests, but masking a primitive barbarian—his real self—in the sheep's clothing of ideals which for the Nazarene had really been ends to live for and die

for? His troubled thought returned from Golgotha to Porter and his last halting words. The gallant fellow had had his vision, too, of the better day, and had been content to die for it. A bugle sounded on the highway not far away, but the orderly heeded it not, for a more imperative summons sounded within, the summons to fall in with the ranks of the world's saviors, and without any reservation stand for human well-being and a co-operative society. Slowly he bowed his head before the crucifix and whispered, "Yea, Master, even the Huns. Forgive them—."

There was a sound at the door, and Chapin looked up into the puzzled face of McLoughlin, who said with unwonted gentleness, "Your pardon, lad, for the big foot o' me. I didn't see ye were prayin'. Indade, I thought ye niver did."